atmosphere, of both of which we may know perfectly what are the general means of their production.

The swelling of the passions has often been compared very appropriately to that of the waves of the ocean. The reproaches of conscience bear a greater resemblance to the *ground swell*, thus described by an eloquent scientific female writer :—" It continues to heave the smooth and glassy surface of the deep, long after the winds and billows are at rest. A swell frequently conies from a quarter in direct opposition to the wind, and sometimes from various points of the compass at the same time, producing a vast commotion in a dead sea without ruffling the surface. They are the heralds that point out to the mariner the distant region where the tempest has howled, and they are not unfrequently the harbingers of its approach."* Every word of this description might be applied to those reproaches, which, coming from various quarters, and rising at a great distance, move the soul far beneath the surface, and tell at once of sin that may be long past, and of storms yet to arise.

Sometimes these reproaches are but momentary flashes, extinguished in darkness ; at other times they are a constant firing. Human misery is consummated, when the gnawings become constant, eating like a cancer ever inwards. The memory of sin is now the only object on which the mind can fix. The conscience unceasingly chides, and all its chidings are prolonged and repeated, as by surrounding echoes. An avenging power is seen ever hovering over the soul, like a bird of prey over its victim. Who can describe to others the pain produced, when these convictions coil around the mind as serpents coiled around Laocoon ? Nor can any change of scene or position lessen or distract the misery. You may recommend scenes of mirth and amusement ; but their very music grates upon the ear, and is as the " singing of songs to a heavy heart/' You may recommend the

beauties of nature—the bracing breeze, and the gladdening sunshine—the stream, fitted to make the heart to leap as lively as itself—the mountain, whose air becomes purer and more ethereal as we rise higher and higher, elevating the spirits as we ascend, and expanding the mind as the prospect widens—or the ocean, the sight and sound of which are ever as fresh to the exhausted spirit as the breeze which blows from it is to the exhausted body ;

* Sommerville's Physical Geography.